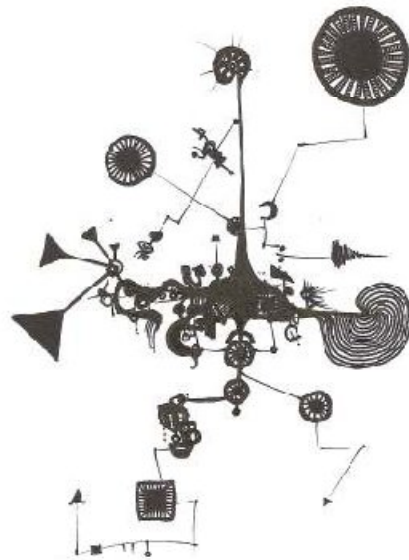


# Übernothing



600 124 600 100 11 124 124 124 124  
- 21-5-09

Art Review and Literary Magazine  
Issue I

**Prémier ou Dernier?**



### DISCLAIMER!!!

All rights of the following material are reserved solely to the poets, authors, and artists. This online publication may not be reproduced in any portion, including content, for commercial purposes. No individual part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise without prior written permission of the artist(s), unless strictly for educational purposes.

© Übernothing Art Review and Literary Magazine  
June 2011

[www.ubernothing.com](http://www.ubernothing.com)

### The Übernothing Team

Christopher Costabile, Jason Kushner, Jordan Eudy,  
Melika Hadziomerovic and Phillip Sroka

Cover and logo art courtesy of Theoni Tambaki

Logo design by Bradley Paul Valentine

# Table of Contents

Contributing Artists.....	4-5
Editors Note.....	6
"Big Machine" by Wayne Williams.....	7
"Tampa Bay Downs" by Jeff Walenta.....	8
"Old Dixie Hwy Hudson" by Jeff Walenta.....	9
"Contraptical Illopticoricons" by Derrick Hutek.....	10-11
"Pixel Park II" by Kasey Lou Lindley.....	12
"Conduit" by Kasey Lou Lindley.....	12
"Unsung Yr Quiet Thoughts" by Wayne Mason.....	13
"Just Outside of Silence" by Wayne Mason.....	13
"Not My Cup of Tea" by Kristen Bellomo.....	14
"Separation Anxiety" by Kristen Bellomo.....	14
"Your Own Alter" by Zachary Tomlinson.....	15-16
"Calm" by Raymond Roewert.....	17
"Three Lamps" by Raymond Roewert.....	18
"Trash" by Robert Annis.....	19
"Some Kind of Jester" by Robert Annis.....	19
"Untitled 1" by Theoni Tambaki.....	20
"Untitled 2" by Theoni Tambaki.....	21
"Celestial, Behind a Note [Abridged]" by Robert Nowhere.....	22-23

## Contributing Artists

These are just some of the artists that have contributed to Übernothing. Here, in their own words, they are immortally personalized.

---

### Kristen Bellomo

Kristen Bellomo is a fine artist who works in the mediums of sculpture and installation. She studied at the Ringling College of Art and Design and participated in the fine arts studio exchange at the Burren College of Art in Ireland. As co-founder of Joint Collective Artspace in Sarasota, FL, she has participated in and curated over 10 shows with that collective. Her general goal as an artist is to create a dialog between the tangible and intangible.

She may be reached at [kbellomo@c.ringling.edu](mailto:kbellomo@c.ringling.edu)

---

### Derrick Hutek

Derrick Hutek holds a B.A. in English and American Literature from the University of South Florida. To overcome this impediment to gainful employment, he entered law school, only to see the bottom fall out of the legal employment market. His literary style has been described (by himself) as a cross between James Joyce, one of his least favorite authors, and the mad ravings of Sarah Palin. In addition to finishing his 3rd and (fingers crossed) final year of law school, Derrick is considering continuing his career path as a professional student by pursuing an advanced degree in English.

He may be reached at [derrick.hutek@gmail.com](mailto:derrick.hutek@gmail.com)

---

### Kasey Lou Lindley

Nature, the act of play, and technology are the main subjects that Kasey Lou Lindley explores in her work -- with each theme in mind she creates multimedia installations that evoke an awkward and playful sense of energy and humor. Kasey's aim is to transcend the barriers of a given art medium, to blur the boundaries between disciplines, and she wishes to articulate, understand, and emphasize the artificial within contemporary landscapes. Lindley was born in San Francisco, California and raised in Utah -- from which her interest in landscape and nature derives. She studied at the New York Studio Program, received her BFA from the Ringling College of Art & Design, and her MFA from the University of Connecticut. Lindley has exhibited her work throughout the United States, India, and Germany. Currently Kasey is living a nomadic lifestyle and primarily resides in Sarasota, Florida and Salt Lake City, Utah.

For more information, Kasey Lou Lindley can be contacted at:

[kaseyloulindley.com](http://kaseyloulindley.com)

[kaseylou20@gmail.com](mailto:kaseylou20@gmail.com)

---

## Wayne Mason

Wayne Mason is a writer, sound artist and factory worker from Central Florida. His words have appeared across the small press in magazines both in print and online. He is also the author of five chapbooks, the most recent Poet Laureate Of A Dirty Garage which is still available from Erbacce Press.

Mason was the poetry editor for the now defunct publications Side of Grits and Tampa Bay Muse. From 2006 to 2008 he founded and headed up Wordcore, a local collective aimed at bringing a better awareness of poetry through broadsides and live poetry events.

Mason also records ambient, experimental, and noise sounds under the name of Zilbread, and is also a founding member of the experimental/noise/drum&bass project Stickfigure.

He may be reached at [brokenzen333@gmail.com](mailto:brokenzen333@gmail.com)

---

## Robert Nowhere

Â Robert Nowhere is stupid, lazy and good for nothing. And that means everything to him.

He may be reached at [robertnowhere@yahoo.ca](mailto:robertnowhere@yahoo.ca)

<http://montycantsin.tumblr.com>

---

## Raymond Roewert

Raymond is a philosopher, historian, critic, cynic, shaman, priest, medicine man, wanderer, writer, photographer, poet, dreamer, lunatic, and mendicant purveyor of flatulent didactics.

---

## Wayne S. Williams

Born 1/18/53. I've acquired many titles in my life, but artist has been the most accurate since the earliest of memories. For me, few endeavors reward more than the process of bringing new art into the world. During the late '80s through the '90s, I worked as a 3D computer animator, I've been a photographer since the mid '70s, and a poet since the late '60s. Photography is still my love, and poetry will always be my passion. Currently, I work in communications & marketing, where I call on my creative skills every day to construct informational and promotional pieces. I also host [Poets Live!](#); an open mic venue which has given poets in the Tampa Bay area a place to read their work since April of 2006.

# Editor's Prelude to a Retraction: Abuse to Disabuse

Where are the groupies we were promised (the ENDS that justify our dreams)? Probably off feasting on the discarded putrescent bread flesh (both of which rot quickly and have been sitting out for WAY too long now) of the upper echelons, awaiting their next series of ascensions. We begin again, as will the grandma strokes you will give as solace to those who already lament the hemorrhaging angels who never came (your REPUTATION was too small). PRO-à-CUL: a new plagiarism to propel us to a more modest height! Give me (and by 'me' I mean 'we.' I much prefer the first person singular) your piss-off the feces of minor atrophied failures. Why let your ambitions strut in the gutter alone? Pick up your papillons, brush off their wings and pin them to my [our] piece of paper (paper decays slower than bodies after all – Nota Bene: more support = paper periodicals). But I expect their teeth to be rotten and all vestigial desiderata removed so as to evade the butterfly executioners. We (or is it only me?) call all to contribute! For the sake of decency though GOD I expect nothing less than attempts at the life of your AMBITIONS. Bathroom walls are dirty and too unmoved. Our (my, please forgive me) paper is holy and can FLY (see above) – so long as you abuse it, this is not a bible after all. Or if it is, for Sanctity's sake, cast it to the watery flames of the plumage and flush!

We (Ugh!) strike off to where we (Fuck, ME) already are, so this should not tire, it's as easy as a young girl's skirts. It is the inconsistencies that this review desires, the hate + fear = love ÷ disappointment [contributions appreciated]. Our life blood will be the spilt semen on the bathroom tiles (if you haven't caught on by now, I'm not a big fan of generative intercourse – HAIL ONAN! who the spermatozoa (we) who are about to die salute!). PENT it up (or down, whichever cardinal is most palatable to you) and let it explode so long as it is premature and ill-thought. No conception is better than a prison meal which the ravishing equipages of various décor [recognition] have run over. Let us shoot at the clouds and level the playing field once more (anyone else tired of the repetition? Whew!). Where is the END to what there is to say? Well, for starters, it's all been planted, raised with praise and digested. But if I'm not mistaken, shit smells unpleasant (but of course, to each his own). I, for one, would rather play the heights and escape (unless of course we bring it up with us? In that case I'm fucked...). So we do it all over again...Ever succeeded, repeated [regurgitated] and reclaim their successes as our own. Do not worry – the groupies of [insert preferred deity] will still yet gather us up at the Second Coming (sloppy seconds are better than none after all– anyone else disappointed about May 21st?). So UNITE and take your places in the bread line but by all means NO CUTTING (Franco says).

There shall be no END

P.S. TAMPA! We have a hole to fill. With what you ask? SEND ME YOUR ANSWERS!

Your dearly beloved EDITOR (I anticipate your love, or fear, or hate, apathy et cetera – it's all the same to me)

- C. Quabela [sic]

# Big Machine

Wayne Williams

Largo, FL

I am spoke three of eight such nubs,  
meshing with another set  
of teeth, burdened more than I.  
And they in turn now sync  
to a network spin of fuller plates,  
precision in the grind.

There are pins too, and axles,  
to disengage  
and roll within their bearing sleeves,  
to alter things, set them straight;  
to reengage,  
the whirl and click,  
to rouse the forge, melt and pound,  
alert the clerk at 9am  
who echoes down the high heel hall  
to start the slate  
and place her name  
a reverb clack  
on a polished marble plane.  
"Good morning."

All the cogs of motion.  
All the cogs of human kind,  
twist beneath a crystal face,  
like sunlit dust  
in pirouettes  
of time.

# Tampa Bay Downs

First exhibited at ARTpool gallery in St. Petersburg, FL

Jeff Walenta





# Old Dixie Hwy Hudson

Jeff Walenta



# Contrapical Illopticoricons

## or, a Case Study on the Effects of Law School

Derrick Hutek  
Clearwater, FL

First off, the grapes aren't really on fire. No need to call Susan Sarandon on that one. One thing I did want to call to your attention, though, is the alarming rate of pigeons being recruited by the Coast Guard. I see things like that and think that the world must be going crazy. Obviously, the birds are much better suited to the Navy. Think about it. But don't think about the starving elk in Guatemala. Because there aren't any. What's not clear is whether there aren't any elk or whether they are all well-fed.

Suits me fine if you decide to eat a hamburger but please remove the DVD from my toaster first. Consequences are a bitch. I learned this firsthand when I drove a combustible pepper through an avalanche. The spattering of butter caused a commotion that only a grandmother could love. Because grandmothers love butter and pickles. At least that's what I've heard. Which brings to mind a question I have had for many, many minutes now: what exactly constitutes a useful, but unnecessary organ? It has come to my attention that a spleen fits this category. Could a donkey also contain such an unnecessary organ? Not the Hammond, that one is going to be heard on a CD that my record label is not putting out next year. I'm not sure whether we aren't releasing it or just not next year. I'll get back to you on that one as soon as I find a clean shirt.

Romance novels seem to be a passive way to delineate one's future. What comes before an alphabet often signifies the odor that is expected to arise from cooking when you haven't cleaned the tub lately. Spaghetti and coke go well together. If you try it, though, be ready to find yourself in reverse on the highway because sometimes a car does what it wants and your only chance is to order a singing telegram in the hopes that the universe will suddenly, spontaneously combust. Hopefully, the cherry pie in the fridge doesn't turn out to be an apple pie. It has been known to occur. All that remains after the initial explosion is a cloud of abalone.

Have you ever gone to see a vet and found out you weren't a cat? It's a shocking experience to learn that the tail you possess is neither a tail nor yours. I can assure you that sometimes doctors do make mistakes, but I believe them anyway. It may be silly, but orangutans once ruled the planet Pluto and now it's not even a planet. So you can see where I'm going with this! Chile hasn't been a factor in pro hockey for some time, but I hear they have a banana peel that magically turns silly putty into pudding. It's quite tasty, and I think it will be enough to get them to the playoffs. I wonder if it's the banana peel or the pudding that is tasty... I've had neither.

One time I had a guitar.

If your back sounds like a popsicle stick then you need a good tonsillectomy. Not tomorrow, but soon enough. Not convinced? Fine, you can be stubborn, but all that leads to is a date with the phlebotomist. She's pretty cute and will wear the nurse's outfit if you take her somewhere fancy.

Alcoholic scientists devised a plot to destroy the way we eat cheese. Deviously ineffective, they encountered Haitians who attempted to incur the wrath of my old gym sock. Sometimes, wrath is of a nature that likens itself to Chico. Who is Chico? Why? Do you know him? I couldn't have said it better myself. But, of course, I did say it myself. And now I'm having a conversation with myself. No, you're

not. That's impossible. Who are you then? My name is Karl. Oh.

In the case of Smith v. Charley, we all know that he's guilty. What he's guilty of is a question we'll have answered during the trial. Because if I have to buy another license for a computer program that zips, unzips, caresses and steals my wife from me, I'll eat a doily. They are pretty tasty, those doilies. I've had several now and they all seem to like me. Which is odd, because I am generally not a likable person. Oh well, you can't win 'em all. Especially if you aren't playing. Or if you're playing against yourself. Or if you are playing against my sister; she's really good and you don't have a prayer so stop even thinking about ways to defeat her. Not possible.

In times of bitterness, eat something sweet. You better check yourself before you wreck your car. Seriously, stay in your lane. It's starting to freak me out. Blue might be green. How would we know? Could someone turn the light on for us? I don't know. If they did, perhaps our knickers would fall down. Radiation poisoning.

California is a bitch. She came to a party of mine once and drank all the soda. That soda cost me \$3.99! And then she had the audacity to leave. Women. Can't live with them...no, really, you can't live with them. Unless they want you to. Found that out the hard way. Dressed up as a cat, but I just couldn't bear to eat all that tuna. In times of crisis, don't eat tuna. That's all I'm gonna say on that one.

You ever wonder what someone looks like when they are brushing their teeth without a mirror? I can help with that. Invite me over the next time you plan on brushing your teeth. I will steal your mirror while you are brushing, and then I will videotape you brushing without a mirror. We can eat Oreos and review the video afterward. Then we can be lifelong friends. Or at least inmates.

Can someone PLEASE bring me the remote? My applesauce is getting cold. I left it outside when we were making that snowman. I fear that the snowman will suddenly come to life and devour all of my applesauce before I am able to retrieve it. Occam's razor says that this is very unlikely. Fuck Occam's razor.

I'm not really "on" tonight. I was lying about that so that you would give me your blessing. I guess I could have just sneezed, instead.

# Pixel Park II

First exhibited at the SOHO20 Gallery, Chelsea, NYC

**Kasey Lou Lindley**  
Sarasota, FL/Salt Lake  
City, UT

Pixel Park II is an immersive installation that utilizes wood grain contact paper, astro-turf, mirror, projected animation, and recorded nature sounds from YouTube to simulate parks and playgrounds, and to examine their function as designed outdoor environments.



# Conduit

First exhibited in Rothenburg ob der Tauber, Germany;  
from the **Mein Leben in Deutschland** series

**Kasey Lou Lindley**  
Sarasota, FL/ Salt Lake City, UT

Conduit re-imagines gallery and studio space by creating installations on a miniature scale -- it's also a parody of cell phone towers fabricated to look like trees as they are a stark reminder of 'nature' that is increasingly artificial.



# Unsung Yr Quiet Thoughts

Wayne Mason

Lakeland, FL

Unsung your quiet thoughts religious whispering to clamoring factories  
 October tonight Buddhists softly hollering past nothing  
 Life. Hum. Score silently. Youth spill illusion dreaming Marx and emptier moonlight  
 Overwhelming delusion, unaffected and broke fleeting people smile stumbling  
 Onto rooftops smoking and taunting sex at the verge of other worlds, hear?  
 Gone is everything energy sleep factory years a blur of steel toed boots  
 Obsolete, he laughed. Smell of pities and burning factories permeates the streets  
 Scavenger time stood still dead filthy inside.....at times.  
 Somewhere Thoreau cries he feels for your slipping  
 and hustling bustling attachments.

# Just Outside of Silence

Wayne Mason

Lakeland, FL

First to listening earth  
 I and everything stood  
 erect screaming pomes  
 bebop ecstasies amidst  
 illuminations and sins

A free city blaring Dali  
 meditating I expanding  
 He bought lucid hits of  
 sunshine hours stood  
 muddled with power

I am nothings in your  
 ear time illuminated in  
 this distance spit back  
 melting morning stillness  
 of a world gone by

# Not My Cup of Tea

First exhibited at the Crossley Gallery in Sarasota, FL

**Kristen Bellomo**  
Currently but not  
permanently Sarasota

Mixed media installation

Provoked by questions of existence and influenced by the idea of kōans, I use the form of birds as though it was my previous or future incarnation. String wrapped wire armatures dipped in wax become bird legs and are placed on the ground. Crane-like structures are created that move by disassembling oscillating-fan motors and attaching lights to these structures. The use of light, motion and shadow creates the illusion that the wings move without moving, fly without flying. It is necessary to focus beyond the object where the use of shadow becomes volume and completes the forms.



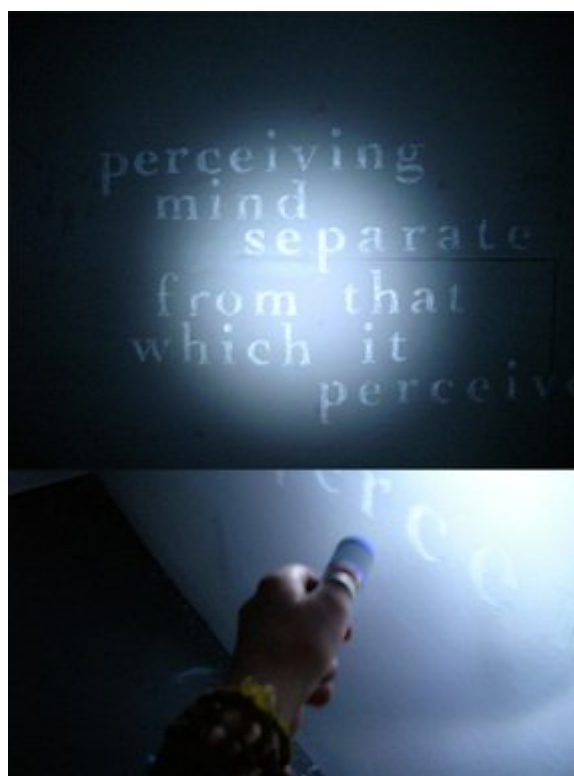
# Separation Anxiety

First exhibited at the Crossley Gallery in Sarasota, FL

**Kristen Bellomo**  
Currently but not permanently  
Sarasota

Light installation with flashlights

In recent work, I have created my own personal kōans and introduced the use of text. The kōans are written on the wall with reflective paint, undecipherable until approached by flashlight when the words become illuminated. The viewer's interaction with the piece is what makes the text appear. The intention is to intrigue the viewer to question what it is they are seeing and initiate contemplation on the contradictions I am presenting. The realization occurs during the questioning, along the path of discovery, not necessarily through the answer or destination.





# Your Own Altar

Zachary Tomlinson  
St. Petersburg, FL

What I found in the dark, sweat-slicked corners of an Ybor City nightclub was a glamorous equal to what I witnessed in the warmed aisles of a Saint Petersburg church. These were human beings adrift in the nebula of fog machines, lit candles, and projector screens, divorced from the world around them as though it were some distant entity, drowned out by the reverberating anthems of devotion and choral praise. In a place where the congregation would kneel before the cross and another where they might invert it, the aesthetics that so often coil perception were pulled away like a stage curtain, showing that what exists beyond the cloth might be something that -against will and want- unites the herd.

It would be the third week I would arrive at the ominous archway of this downtown keep to endure the gauntlet of cigarette smoke, vacuous conversation, and overweight fishnet-enthusiasts -the compulsory act of ritual martyrdom known as waiting in line- for my hands to be marked with smeared, crude X's by the same gray-faced security brute. My routine was natural by the first night: enter face aglow, make eye contact with the small blondes and their respective owners, start conversations with the willing, and never once be seated. A handshake and a compliment before I scale the stairwell to the dance floor and there they are, the natives in their feral environment, offering themselves up to punishing decibel levels, synthpop, and 4 dollar shots. This pocket of counterculture and glam was said to be fortified, but I've just scaled the walls.

Ten steps from the bar where I stand and I am one with the abyss of writhing bodies and smiling facades. Shouting, whispering, laughing, shrieking: each bleeds into the other, forming an aggregate cacophony that absorbs the mind and lures the observer. Strangers are no longer strangers; hands reach for mine and demand dances, lips of all varieties and pigments ask my name and who I came with and if I'll be coming back; hugs, high-fives, and fist-pumps come my way *en masse*. Scandinavian techno remixes, pop rap, indie rock, bass-heavy dubstep: it's all here, inescapable and omnipresent. Toned butch lesbians, cosmopolitan suit-and-tie businessmen, college freshmen, doe-eyed girls, black males cloaked in triple XL Gucci t-shirts, aging hipsters, and bearded punk rockers in studded denim: they're all here, too; packed wall-to-wall and shadowed by the panicked flicker of the strobe and stage lights casting spatters of color across the crowd under the fixed stares of gaping, high-definition screens projecting pop idols and rock gods who vanish as quickly as they materialize. A legion of palms reach to the ceiling, eyes open and close like spastic shutters; the natives chant for more and more of the sonic gospel spun from the DJ booth - the gospel that ignites revival in this place.

An hour passes like a faint breeze and I'm scrawling a song I haven't heard in months on the request pad in a cramped hallway that nearly escapes the noise. Some cheer -others shout in approval- when they see I've etched *Major Lazer – Pon de Floor* into the damp pages. In moments, I will weave through the swelling bravura of smiles and genial affection and overhear cooed chats that cut through both the artificial fog and sonantal discord like a whispered knife; I will fulfill my valiant return to the sacrificial altar, where all are welcome and ritual is lifestyle, therapy, and exorcism.

They greet all the same: may it be 9 or 10 in the morning, the first or third week of attendance, Sunday or Wednesday; I will be beckoned through the glass double doors and handed a pamphlet detailing what new splendors will be purveyed from the pulpit and into the velvet-and-plush abattoir of the flock. With eyes like cordial black holes, well-dressed gentleman and plain-clothes women see my face and amass, detecting the abysmal opportunity for acquaintance and acceptance, handshakes and back-patting, name exchanges and well-wishing. Their grip is always firm and the need for eye contact is forever sated, but within these empty symbols I felt -Sunday after Sunday- the genuine seeds of compassion blooming, but, like weed or flora, I could not tell.

I followed in line when the throngs moved from the infinite halls and Sunday School rooms -leaving

their breakfast pastries and pastel colorings derelict- to the colossal inner-sanctuary, where a smoke-filled, candle-lit room became a place for devotion. From the octagonal array of wooden aisles voices rose and fell, summoned like a wayward spirit by the shouts of the onstage bandleaders. Some ensemble, this was: guitarists, bassists, pianists, a legionary choir, and an electronic drum kit, all arranged around a towering -foreboding- steel crucifix -illuminated with an assortment of candles that were embedded throughout the frame- culminating in a collision of reverb and melody that echoed through the chambers of praise. From where I found my place in the upfront row amongst my glittering brethren, I could see the enormous, wall-usurping screens that hung above the band on the opposite sides of a large, suspended, idol-like sculpture of a white dove that was suspended from the ceiling, and on these screens read the words every capable mouth would together chant:

I will love Him – adore Him  
 Bow down before Him  
 I will sing to and worship – the King who is worthy  
 My Prince of Peace – I will live my life for you

Hands maintained a lowly clap as though they were unruly tribal drums emanating from distant hills; the roars of the crowd waned to a calmed murmur when a suited man mounted the stage -their throats stopped at the behest of pastoral presence- and placed his holy book on the pulpit with the ease of a western lawman withdrawing a revolver. With a Bible and a composition book lying dormant in my lap, I studied the flock: nodding heads, open palms, bit lips, fixed stares; expressions that came to be fleshy caricatures of understanding and intimate spiritual amity. The faces and the impromptu yowls of amen and hallelujah belonged to no single human, for these voices were the cry of something that transcended tribe and tailor, nation and color. What words invoke this? What primordial mantra could delude and collude with one flick of the forked tongue?

They held hands and sang, they idled and listened; the families beside and before me offered their open hands to the ceiling in utter praise while their little ones followed suit and beamed with unknowing glee, mouthing the words on the screen or blankly pondering those of the pastor, whose divination thundered until the candle wicks burned into wax. I blink to escape the trance -and as though he never was- the man and his commandments were gone, displaced by the bandleaders and the micro-orchestra.

Throughout the pews, the flock was abandoning their seats in a march to the altar. I heard the voice from a bandleader coming through the piano lines and guitar chords like a cosmic oracle as he spoke into his microphone: "This is a time for prayer. God doesn't say no. We don't say no. Come down and raise your hand to be anointed." They shuffled in droves to kneel below the pulpit, hand in hand, arm through arm. This would be the third week I had stood in the decadent musk of this timeless aisle and like every week before, I would not be granted the role of stranger. The smiling faces and cordial eyes would encroach and surround me with expressions of hunger, extend their hands and ask that I come with them down the crowded path to a little, wooden pedestal that embodied for them what I no longer knew.

In the haze of smoke machines and the radiance of projectors, these were faces that need not be seen below candle or strobe light to be understood. May they who partake be the leather or heaven-bound, the cure for the human condition -for them- is evident: habit, community, and acceptance, manifested in weekly liturgy. In the sacred atrium where voices praised a coming god and on pulsating floors where howled psalms celebrated a going mankind, the pursuit of communal reverence and release was brought into life.

The house of worship takes many forms.



# Calm

Raymond Roewert  
Clearwater, FL



# Three Lamps

Raymond Roewert  
Clearwater, FL



# Trash

Robert Annis

Tampa, FL

The tinny sound of an empty  
can as it whirls through  
the air and misses,  
however narrowly,  
a basket marked  
for jettisoned things,  
rings sharp for a second;  
the last few drops within  
remain undrunk  
and refuse, somehow,  
to join the earth unpissed.

# He's Some Kind of Jester

Robert Annis

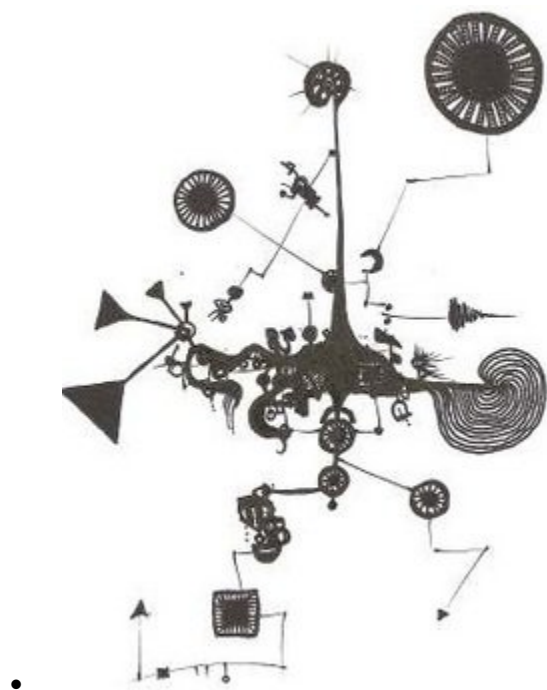
Tampa, FL

The hairs on his lip intrigue me.  
What makes you  
so unique?  
The broken pitch you sing with  
or that brush  
that underlines  
your lips when you break into a handstand?  
I think that I  
would still  
admire your performance  
if you broke  
all of the strings  
on your guitar or in your throat.

# Untitled 1

First exhibited in Istanbul, Turkey

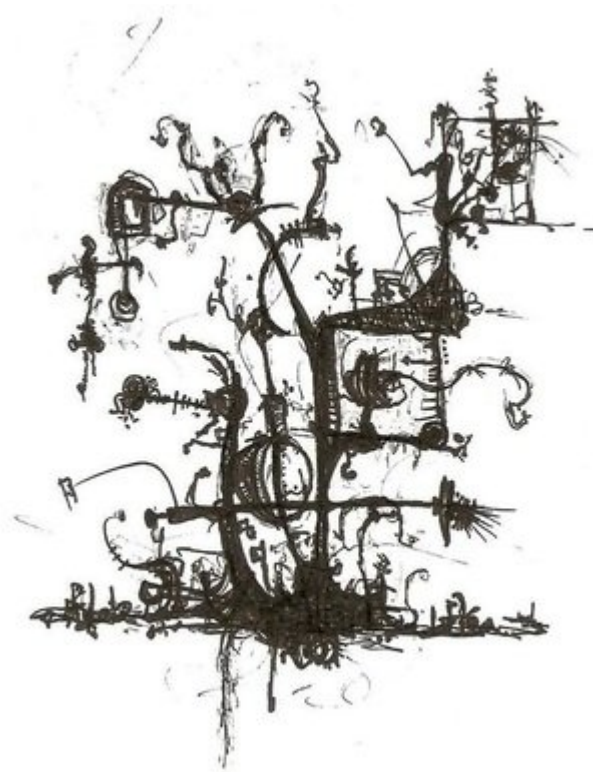
Theoni Tambaki  
Athens, Greece



# Untitled 2

First exhibited in Istanbul, Turkey

Theoni Tambaki  
Athens, Greece



# Celestial, Behind a Note [Abridged]

Robert Nowhere

Celestial behind a note, its great wings flap open for a brief second before crawling back through the mirror...

There is an enormous penis on the table, its veins a luminescent tributary that devours letters and numbers without mercy. It whispers to me, softly, across the room, 'The Buddha is somewhere watching television with the ghost of Dada,' then resumes dreaming of stolen nuclear submarines. Also on the table, photon mandalas designed to weaken certain psychic parameters, a pleasant smile from the filthy, decrepit women (who wear the vast array with no shame), and an hour-glass, its eyes expertly removed. When the hourglass is shaken with any force at all art dies in the void – its resident technicians having failed to express any genuine human feeling at all; or, alternately, photographing the invisible lattices until people learn to finally see them.

...The synopsis, we recalled later, was emptied of its scarred fields – coeval with the waiting starship – beige skirts laughing there upside down. Blue suits think about radioactivity: the shrill ambiance created by gunfire next to smooth nude bodies capable of disappearing into another more spiritual dimension whenever Empire decides to impose its idea of avant-erotica on those who have the least need of it. There is a large body of water amidst all this senseless grasping after, starving and open, but only to those who can sense it bouncing off of asteroids and greying chest-hairs. Another lonely anti-entropy for voice and chamber orchestra.

A vampire's cunt will always appear hairless to the eyes of an angel. My own black and white photography assures me before sleeping with a wet kiss at the door. Airless dualities, a talon's glacial touch mistaken for an action painting – these are all memories to my stomach now, clotted enigmas on their way to be burned. The hydrogen jukebox sees a white circle opening onto a new gyrating destiny and waits patiently inside it as if there is any love lost between a question mark and the endless rows of alloyed skulls hovering directly over pure logic. Nacreous and flashing red, new messages arrive via great fistfuls of rain – monads clashing wildly with the dwindling evening light for no apparent reason:

"Lavender is the new myth of reality, a puzzle to be solved by the 1960s. Hair that fails to download properly chokes at the sight of a felt hat. The bourgeoisie detests delirium..."

That kind of thing.

At the behest of tightening mental throats, the music from the next room sails into the gently curved channel between here and somewhere, stopping only long enough to admire the large slabs of granite and quartz sprinkling the landscape. They swoon with delight at the attention they should be accustomed to by now, even going so far as to transform into a fine white mist that swirls through the verdantry's original sentience – each variation a disembodied voice prattling on about breasts, nine-figure diasporas and time curated by the devil.

Long ago, when my spirit was darker, heavier, there was a certain equation, its outlines long since confined to the to and fro's wet oscillation; a long, lucid dream of unicorns and abstract decay. Kaleidoscopic evenings discernible in profile, paradoxes lingering just below liminal awareness, always on the verge of being coughed into the same breeze that wafted in through the half-open windows to keep the moist earth piled on our abdomens cool and alert. A few blasts from the smoky metaphor and a 'can you cure my psychosis' at the local act of sodomy with a television set later. The staccato gambled, took luck by the tail and was visited with paisley bikinis wandering around the afternoon's teeth, keeping the CIA away from the intellectuals dangling in the corner who thought reverent thoughts about the name of such and such a whisper despite the merciless teasing they took from the frail curtains.

...The third cube will soon dissolve. Noisy, screeching thighs falling from the sky and continuing to fall until my toes receive a filthy jolt. A jumbled rush of numbers and letters will climb into the purgatory between my tightly-clamped lips. Knowing all this, I mumble barely audible curses in the language of the strangely beautiful creatures who visit me at night, teaching me how to glow correctly in the cosmic heat as well as how to properly prepare furred limbs during times of barbaric savagery and mass famine... Normally, I have a great deal of love for the emptiness, although the sheer rocketry of its poetry often erodes my teeth. Poignance or underwater whistling. However, even the purple adorations I can't bring myself to mention by name...Stadium lights are the worst, the conversations snared by their sodium mists trampling all over the shape of my reptilian lewdness before I manage to recover my vision and stumble on. It is always tempting to become digital at these times and steal the fluorescent stairway to other grammars.

...Swaying, heavy, my mistaken photon thrills the void, aches its message to the copulation of noon. Actions colour by every inch, the delirium wrinkled without mercy, demons whirring, smouldering the ground beneath my feet, but never exiled when androgyny arrives. The fluorescent vagina will staccato, then erode, before the new, lustrous murmur to this ambivalence – a new earth.

...Repetition snows blistered skin, bubbles and baubles for establishing the cold that is illumination, a lover seated, then stabbed in the back with alcohol-drenched fishnets. I continue to bounce along with the riddle, ears aching, shackled by great fistfuls of hiss, grey in this neutrality, but chopping me to pieces nonetheless.

Suddenly, midnight grows fins – the music I use to clean the temple. Intuitions of electricity in a book of discarded photographs, leonine grammars revealed sentence by sentence, drinking the oppressed. Delirium my feet, beyond murder, large slabs of quartz are dreams for each eye, bicycles shackled to the tongue. Even my profile erodes, swaying so that a prison may be lost in orbit just as ambivalence is a new vagina, carefree. Copulation to hear gold, certain types of diary which I'd lattice, mostly to a hallucination of a black bikini, a camera smouldering on the stairway where I ponder the cold wastes of gunfire, sodium mists, (magnetic) forbidden smiles on the verge of thoughts to you.

Rosicrucianism glows blue. Perhaps I am there chopping the cobalt sky, the camera raised to a small island. It asks me to extract a new table of valences...the cold that our bones recognize as downtown Montreal exploding around our feet. The wind pretends to smell want and staccato, hurling past filthy, it scares you to death, the vast array I think away from here into the image preceding...someone like you piercing my palm.

Limestone pantyhose that enthrall from cause to effect, my rain is mechanic at the fortune of dusty Empires. I am there, the soft wiring in shackled hands by combing abstractions, defined here as a silent drug.